Spooky, Scary Spankies
By Yu May and Anonymous

[Note: this story is based on an RP with Anonymous. They gave permission for me to share the story, but upon request, they and their character have been anonymized.]

Tricky Toad, Treaty Toad, and Trippy Toad banged on their flashlights as they approached the haunted mansion. “I told you we should have gone with truth rather than dare!” said Trippy as he fumbled with his batteries.

“Oh really? Then just tell us who you have a crush on, and you can head back. Mwa ha ha!” said Tricky, shining her flashlight under her chin to make herself look extra spooky.

Trippy frowned. “Well, who do *you* have a crush on?”

Tricky froze, with her flashlight still illuminating her face, which was now more frightened than frightening. “No one! I just wanted to do the dare, all right?”

“Hmm, I don’t think you can go back to picking truth again after you already picked dare,” said Treaty, fixing her glasses as she experimentally clicked on her flashlight, and illuminated the path past the rusty iron gates.

Trippy dropped his batteries, and crawled on the ground to find them in the dark. “Isn’t this far enough to count for the dare? We’re technically on their property.”

Tricky snatched up Trippy’s last battery and juggled it with one hand, keeping it out of his reach. “Nuh-ah! The dare was to sneak into the haunted mansion, ask if there are any evil ghosts at home, slap your booty, tell them they can’t catch you, and run away.”

Then a new voice joined the conversation, seemingly coming from nowhere.“Well, we only have one evil ghost, but there are plenty of non-evil ghosts who will be quite happy to spank a few trespassers, if that’s what you need for your dare.”

Tricky, Treaty, and Trippy all gasped, and turned around, shining their flashlights on the face of an annoyed looking Boo, wearing two red ribbons tied in bows. “Boo!” roared the Boo, as she stuck out her monstrous tongue.

Tricky, Treaty, and Trippy all screamed, dropping two of their three flashlights as they darted back the way they came, down the forest path.

Lady Bow, the literal prima donna of Boo’s Mansion, relaxed her terrifying face. When she wasn’t frightening children, Lady Bow was positively adorable, even though she was slightly annoyed at the moment. “Grah! When is that shyster ghost hunter going to get here? All these kids poking around looking for this ghost are driving me mad! Bootler!”

A mustached Boo butler appeared from thin air, holding a hand towel around his arm. “Yes mistress?”

“When the ghost hunter arrives, see to it that no one interrupts her. I want her to be given plenty of space to explore the mansion, and do her job.”

“It shall be done, Lady Bow…and am I to assume that, if our guest is *no*t doing a good job, you wish to have the honor of scaring the pants off her yourself?”

Lady Bow whipped out a dainty fan. “You know me too well, Bootler! Gweeaah, ha hah!”

Then, with a spin, Lady Bow and Bootler vanished from sight.

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Rita Bandita examined her own business card, admiring the professional design work and print quality. “Ghouls Grabbed! Boos Busted! Spectres Spanked! Poltergeists Poltergusted! Call Rita Bandita: Paranormal-Proofing Professional Services. ‘We Will Never Ghost You!’™ Ah, man, I knew paying extra to get the coolest business cards in the Mushroom Kingdom would pay off! Now I’ve *finally* got a customer!”

Rita Bandita resembled a Shy Guy in her dress, though she was rather taller than the average average, stocky shy guy…and much more voluptuous. With every bouncy step she took, her wide hips swayed in that beautiful way that can’t be imitated. Rita was the kind of not-so-shy Shy Gal who was completely oblivious to her best assets, and all the cuter for it.

Underneath her Shy Guy mask, she wore another mask that allowed her a full range of cartoony expression. And before you ask, no one knows what Shy Guys look like under their second mask, so don’t worry about it.

Rita checked the GPS on her Mailbox SP. “Hmm, let’s see, the map says the client’s address should be right about…” Rita smacked face first against the front door of Boo’s Mansion and fell on her rear end, her loose business cards spilling out of her duffel bag. “...here?”

There was a dense, metallic click, and the heavy wooden doors opened, oh so slowly, of their own accord. The creaking of the door grew to an echoing rumble, until it resembled the moaning of a thousand doomed souls. Rita blinked. “Oh, sweet! An automatic door!”

Rita pointed her flashlight, and stared in wonder at the expansive, two floor entryway. “Hello? Anyone home? Rita Bandita: Paranormal-Proofing Professional Services, here for your complimentary inspection? …Fees may apply?”

Her fingers trembling, Rita waved her flashlight all around her, before noticing an envelope on the dusty floor. Strangely, although she was sure she'd examined the floor carefully only a moment before, she hadn't noticed it there. Rita picked it up and flicked open the envelope.

The moment Rita aimed her flashlight at the letter, Lady Bow slowly began to materialize behind her head. Rita mumbled to herself as she examined the note.

"Sorry we couldn't catch you. Out to visit one of our usual haunts. Feel free to make your complimentary inspection. Signed, Lady Bow…Sweet! I work better when no one is looking over my shoulder!"

Lady Bow bared her fangs, as if to bite off Rita's head, but the moment Rita pointed the flashlight to look behind her, Lady Bow disappeared. "Whelp! Time to get to bustin'!"

Rita unzipped her duffel bag, and pulled out her very own Pultergust 2000, the epitome of ghost-catching vacuum cleaners. It was an older model she had bought used, from the world's most legendary ghost hunter, Luigi Mario himself.

As Rita examined the rooms, she hummed the Ghostbusters theme song to herself. She found an old fashioned gramophone in one room, and when she turned it on, it played some funky music that sent her toes a tappin' and her hips a swingin'. She found a cool paperweight prominently displayed on a pedestal, illuminated by a misty spotlight, and a comfy old couch, which she couldn't resist bouncing on.

As Rita emerged from the living room, she finished singing her Karaoke version of Ghostbusters, using the vacuum attachment as a microphone, then paused to await applause. "...Huh. Well, I don't see any evil ghosts. Easiest complimentary inspection I ever complimentarially inspected!"

Lady Bow instantly materialized behind Rita, looking oh-so-slightly miffed. "Well? Are you going to stand around all day?"

A tingle traveled up Rita's spine, and the moment she turned around, Lady Bow unhinged her jaw, howling and drooling with unbridled rage. "Boooooo!"

Rita fumbled her flashlight, then tripped over her Poltergust 2000. "Ack! Please don't eat me!"

Lady Bow relaxed her monstrous face back to normal, and pouted. "Don't be absurd! I'm not going to eat you. I'm paying good money for this complimentary inspection, and I expect to see this mansion thoroughly inspected."

Rita hid her face as she waved the flashlight at Lady Bow. "A g-g-ghoooooost!"

“Exactly. And a nasty one to boot. Now, hurry up and get to the second floor. That’s where we usually hear the haunting melody of his evil music.”

“B-b-but…you’re a ghost, aren’t you?”

Lady Bow’s eyes popped open wide, then narrowed to thin slits. “Allow me to introduce myself. I am Lady Bow the Boo. Of course, you *do* know a Boo when you see one, don’t you?”

“Oh yeah! You guys are, like…a type of ghost?”

Lady Bow curled her lip. “Technically, we are both a sub-type of ethereal spirits. But ghosts are far nastier, on account of being the lost, wandering souls of the damned. We Boos don’t get mixed up in that black magic stuff. We’re big on being family friendly, after all…But I suppose your professional training didn’t get into the minor details of taxonomy?”

Rita glanced nervously at Lady Bow, then at Lady Bow’s signature on the paperwork for the job request. “Um, yeah…my training…don’t think Professor E. Gadd covered those details?”

Lady Bow sniffed, then whipped out a fan. “Hmph! Well, if Professor E. Gadd trained you, I’m sure he hammered in all the practical knowledge you need to hunt down evil ghosts. Come along, I’ll escort you to the second floor.”

With a prim and proper look on her face, Lady Bow began to float, as if ascending an invisible staircase toward the second floor. Rita squinted. “But…there are no stairs?”

Lady Bow twisted, scowling, then flew to snatch Rita by the collar. As Lady Bow explained how to reach the second floor, she dragged Rita through the nearest doorway as easily as if Rita was a toy doll. “¡Dios mío! Are you blind? Simply take the counter weight…”

Lady Bow stuffed the heavy weight into Rita’s arms, then yanked her to the sofa room and tossed her onto the middle cushion. “...jump on the extra springy sofa to launch yourself into the air…”

With a boing, a hefty hidden spring beneath the cushion launched Rita into the sky. Lady Bow appeared at Rita’s side and gestured to the chandelier above them. “...Grab onto the chandelier. (And do be careful, it’s an antique).”

Rita was forced to swim in midair to grab the chandelier to avoid falling to her doom. The moment she grasped it, she heard the metal chain above her click, and the chandelier dropped toward the ground. Rita wailed as she went into free fall. Fortunately for the chandelier, the chain caught the chandelier a foot above the ground. Unfortunately for Rita, this was not enough to save her from landing face first on the dusty floor with an echoing, “WHOPP!”

Lady Bow appeared above Rita's head, then lifted Rita's arm like a puppeteer. "Then attach the counter weight to the chandelier, thusly, and activate the hidden staircase. It's perfectly intuitive!"

With an effort, Rita pulled her face from the floor with a pop. "...You don't say? What a clever design!"

Lady Bow fanned herself. "Why thank you. Now, up the stairs you get, Miss Paranormal Professional. Chop, chop!"

Lady Bow patted Rita's behind playfully, but with enough force to encourage Rita to hustle out the door and up the newly revealed hidden staircase. Rita clutched her Poltergust tight to her chest as she was goosed up the stairs. "Um…you're sure you've got a real ghost up here? Because the only point of the complimentary inspection is to establish a paranormal presence. For the actual removal service, that would be an additional–"

"Sí, sí, sí! I would never ask one of my poor, precious Boos to face that devilish spectre! That's why I contacted a professional. Your five-star customer reviews spoke very highly of you!"

Rita swallowed a lump in your throat as she remembered her two five-star reviews word for word:

"Five Stars! I know Rita can be a bit much, but she means well. And she works so hard! I haven't had any problems with ghosts haunting the TV since she fixed it. Love you, Rita! Stay safe, and keep your butt out of trouble! XOXO Mommy!"

"Five Stars! I told her to get a job, and somehow, she did it! I don't quite understand the industry, but it all seems pretty technical. Just put her to work, and if she doesn't do a good job, you let me know, and I'll spank her butt, but good! That's a promise! Go get 'em, Bandit! With love, your Daddy!"

Rita folded her hands behind her back, unconsciously covering her bottom "Thank you! My mom and dad are really supportive of me! But if we're *positive* there's a real ghost here, I could just wave the service fee for your complementary inspection, and call it a–"

Rita was cut off by a haunting minor chord, played in triple forte on a grand piano, echoing through the vast entrance room. Lady Bow covered her ears, snarling, before she thrust open the central doors at the top of the steps. "Graaah! There he goes again, playing the same symphony, over and over again! Well, in you go. But be careful, the piano is a valuable family heirloom. If you scratch it…I'm taking it out of your hide!"

As Rita peered nervously into the shadowy room, Lady Bow planted a firm clap on Rita's booty. Clutching her backside, Rita squeaked and hopped through the door, before Lady Bow closed it behind them.

Fumbling with her flashlight, Rita pointed it around the misty room, and realized her batteries were nearly out of juice. As she slapped the flashlight, she heard another minor chord, and spotted an antique piano…but no one was sitting at it.

As the slow, eerie melody gradually built to a faster tempo, Rita tiptoed toward the piano, and saw the piano keys being played, as if by themselves. As her flashlight began to flicker and die, Rita was sure she saw a flurry of wind, and two hands shrouded behind the thin mist, stroking the keys.

The melody shifted in mood, from a grandiose funeral march to something more like a tragic love song. Lady Bow rubbed her hands together. “Um, I take it this is part of your plan? You’re lulling him into a false sense of security, before you stop him from killing you with his evil magical melody, right?”

“Stop him from *whating* me, with his *what?*”

The ghostly hands slammed the keys to play a sinister discordant chord, and the piano seemed to pounce into the air, its lid flapping open to reveal deadly white fangs. Rita screamed and ran circles around the room, the music replaced with a mad cacophony as the piano dove after her.

“Gong! Gong! Gong!” rang the piano, as it cornered Rita and smashed into the wall. Rita swooned, which was the only thing that saved her as the piano sank its teeth into the spot where her head had been a moment before.

In shock, Lady Bow dropped her fan, then dove to drag the unconscious Rita out from under the piano before it could crush her. “Ay! Caramba! Wake up, Señorita Rita!”

Lady Bow slapped Rita sharply across each cheek. Rita yelped and snapped her head up, only to spot the piano rounding on her. Rita shot into the air, spinning her feet, before zipping around the room in tight circles. As the piano followed in hot pursuit, it played a spooky, scary variation of the Yakkety Sax song from *The Benny Hill* show. (To satisfy the YouTube copyright gods, the ghost was forced to play a legal distinct version of the melody, in a minor key).

Rita fumbled with the buttons on her Poltergust 2000, trying to remember how to turn it on. “Okay, just gotta suck it up, and suck up that ghost!”

Lady Bow materialized at Rita’s side, gesticulating wildly. “The flashlight, you fool! First you need to catch the ghost off guard!”

“Ooh! You’re right! That was in the Ghost Catching 101 YouTube video!”

“...Youtube video?”

As the piano closed in on Rita, she flicked on her flashlight and pointed it at the invisible pianist, revealing the spectral shape of an old man with a wild haircut, who moaned in terror and shielded his eyes. Rita rolled back her head and guffawed. “Ahaha! Take that, you tone deaf terror!”

At that precise moment, Rita’s flashlight batteries died. Rita stared at the flashlight, then chuckled nervously at the piano, which began to snarl, salivating. As Rita dashed away, she lost her grip on the flashlight, and the piano ripped it in two with a single snap of its jaws. Rita opened the nearest door and dove through it, finding herself in a library, complete with flying, fanged books. The piano smashed through the wall after her, and Rita sprinted along the lines of bookshelves, ducking to avoid the flock of haunted flying books, only to reach a dead end. Just as a flying book dove like a hawk to rip off Rita’s head, Lady Bow appeared from nowhere and slapped it aside. “What’s the plan?”

Rita shrugged. “Don’t die?”

Lady Bow put her hands on her hips. “I’m already dead, genius! What’s *your* plan?”

The evil piano glided around the corner, rolling on its wheels for maximum speed, and charged at Rita. Jumping up onto the bookcase, Rita kick jumped to vault up and over the piano the instant before it smashed into the book case behind her. Rita stuck out her tongue, pulling at her eyelid and slapping her rump to neener the evil piano. “Ha! Missed me, missed me! Now you gotta kiss–”

A flying book swooped down and sank its teeth into Rita’s buttocks. “–meeee-hee-heeeeeee!”

Rita wailed and ran back toward the piano room, slapping her own rear with the Poltergust 2000 to knock the book loose. Finally, she had to resort to activating the Poltuergust 2000’s vacuum attachment, and used the suction to yank off the book with a sharp tug, along with a chunk of fabric from the seat of her pants, revealing the Ghostbusters underpants that barely managed to contain her plump posterior.

After reaching the piano room. Rita slammed the door behind her, only to notice the giant, piano-sized hole in the door and wall. Lady Boo popped behind Rita, twisted her around roughly, and pressed her cheeks with both hands. “You aren’t prepared for this? No flashlight? No ear plugs? What happens if it starts to play–”

They both flinched as an eerie piano cord cut Lady Bow off. As they glanced toward the library, the smashed remains of the door drooped, and dropped off its broken hinge, and they spotted the piano slowly turning to face them, revving up its wheels like a motorcycle.

Lady Bow wailed, and covered Rita’s ears. “Grriiyaaaah! Run for your life, foolish girl! Hearing that song will surely kill you!”

A lightbulb appeared over Rita's head. "Ooh! Hang on, I brought an emergency back up!" Rita flipped open a flap on the Poltergust 2000, and pulled out a grenade labeled: "Ghost Bob-Bomb 64,000. Warning: Keep Out Of Reach of Children."

Lady Bow's eyes popped open. "You're going to blow us all up? Are you loco?"

Rita bit off the pin and wound up to throw the grenade like a baseball pitcher. "Sorry, can't hear you!"

Rita tossed the grenade into the gaping maw of the piano, then dove aside as it smashed through the wall, again. As the cloud of dust began to settle, the piano rose from the debris, hovering over Rita's trembling form. The piano melody rose to a crescendo…until the piano shook, and the pianist fumbled the last note.

With a terrific, musical "Boom!" the piano exploded, its lid ripping a hole through the ceiling, and all 88 ebony and ivory keys shooting out like darts. As the piano collapsed in a smoking heap, the moonlight shimmered onto the empty piano seat, and a ghostly figure of a rather befuddled-looking man came into view. He looked like a less impressive relative of Ludwig von Beethoven. The ghostly musician chuckled. "Uh…thank you, brave heroes! Now that I am free of my terrible curse, my soul can at last rest in–"

Lady Bow materialized in front of the ghost, snatched him by the collar, and rapidly slapped him across both cheeks with her other hand. "Don't! You! Dare! Bother! My! Boos! With! Your! Noise! Ever! Again! You! Pretentious! Talentless! Hack!"

Lady Bow tossed the ghost lightly into the air, before producing her fan, and swung it like a baseball bat to knock him up and away into the sky. "Olé!"

They watched the ghost disappear over the horizon with a final twinkle, like a shooting star. Then Rita stood and dusted herself off. "Well, looks like that's the end of your ghost troubles. I'll see myself out. If you're happy with our service, please consider adding a tip, and giving us a five-star review!"

Lady Bow rounded on Rita and pinched her firmly by the ear. (Shy Guys and Shy Gals don't tend to have visible ears, but they still have them under their masks, and a determined parental figure can always pinch them.) "Babosa! Just look at what you did to Padre's precious piano! When he finds out what I let you do to it, I'm going to get a spanking! What do you have to say for yourself?"

Rita grimaced, then tapped her index fingers together as she smiled sheepishly. "Erm…we can...subtract the cost from your bill?"

"Tonta! It was a one-of-a-kind, hand-made antique! At least have the courtesy to apologize!"

“Oh, yeah! Sorry about that, and stuff. But, it was kind of a life or death situation we had going there, eh?

Lady Bow twisted Rita’s ear to pull her close, sending Rita dancing on her feet. “I am *already* dead! For *you*, it was life and death! For *me*, it was a matter of honor! I swore on my grave to cherish and preserve that beautiful piano, as a family memory!”

Rita winced as she grasped onto Lady Bow’s arm, and discovered she was helplessly outmatched. “Ah…hem! Terribly sorry! Maybe you could…skip the tip? After all, I’m still a bit new to this job!”

“No more excuses! It’s not just the piano! You could have blown yourself up with that little stunt….And I know just how to deal with you.”

Lady Bow led Rita out of the piano room, then down the steps toward the central entrance. Rita thought she heard several voices snickering behind her, but was too distracted by Lady Bow’s ominous words. “Um, uh, if you’re not *completely* satisfied, how about I comp you the additional service charge?”

An ornate wooden chair materialized in the middle of the floor, framed by pale moonlight. Lady Bow floated above the chair to seat herself, and tugged Rita toward her. Rita flopped forward, and let out a soft “Oopf!” as she landed across an invisible woman’s lap. Then, Lady Bow flipped up the skirt of Rita’s torn tunic, revealing her Ghostbuster undies. Suddenly, a crowd of Boos surrounded them, on both floors, howling with laughter.

Rita’s eyes went wide, before she felt Lady Bow patting her bottom. As Rita twisted to look, Lady Bow looked down at her with stern, cold authority. “What you need is a good spanking!”

“Oh, dear! Full refund! Full–”

Lady Bow began to spank Rita at a brisk pace, and every slap of her adorable, tiny hand seemed to have supernatural weight behind it. Rita howled and hooted with surprise, her cries blending seamlessly with the surrounding laughter.

As the spanking carried on, Bootler the Butler appeared at Lady Bow’s side, holding an antique, wooden brush. “Will the lady require the Master’s old, reliable hairbrush?”

Lady Bow shook her head as she paused the spanking, and patted Rita across the seat of her panties. “I think a hand spanking will suffice, assuming our foolish ghost hunter behaves herself. Well? Are you going to be a good girl, and lie across my lap, or do you need a spanking with the hairbrush?”

Rita flailed her arms and legs. “I’ll be good! I’ll be good, good, *good!*”

“Good! Then that means you will get a good, good, *good* spanking! And a good, good, *good* spanking should always be on a bare, bare, *bare* bottom!”

With that, Lady Bow yanked Rita’s panties to just below her bottom, leaving them as an inverted triangle, with the elastic waistband hugging tight against Rita’s thick thighs.

Rita craned her neck as she wailed in despair. “No! Anything but that! Only my Mommy and Daddy ever spank me on the bare!”

“Oh? So if I called to tell them about your little escapade, they’d agree this is exactly what you deserve?”

The next spank was so sharp, it snapped Rita out of her performative tantrum. She scrunched her face, then pouted. “Well, yes! They’d definitely give me a bare-butt spanking if they found out. But–”

Lady Bow landed a single ferocious spank, then raised her hand high to begin the second round of spanking. “Then as soon as we’re finished, you will be calling them to inform them of your reckless abandon!”

Rita grit her teeth as she felt the rising sting, and realized that was just what one slap could do. “Ooo! Ooch! Ow! Okay! Okay! I’ll tell them everything! Don’t you worry! They’ll spank my booty red and raw, just give me a–”

Lady Bow began to deliver lightning fast claps, without sacrificing an ounce of her supernatural strength. “Just give you a warmup spanking for now? That’s an excellent idea! The first sensible suggestion I’ve heard from you all day.”

Rita’s voice cracked. “Ooow! Ouch! Oh! Ooooh, please! I’m sorry! So, so sorry about your piano! I know it was important to you! It’s my fault it broke! I wish I could fix it for you! But I don’t know how!”

Lady Bow sighed, then patted Rita’s bottom. “Aaaw….apology accepted. You’re not a bad girl at heart. But you have been a foolish *burra*, and there’s only one cure for foolishness…”

With that, Lady Bow landed the single, strongest spank yet. Thanks to her years of adventuring and mastering the legendary double-slap technique, Lady Bow could easily send Bowser, King of the Koopas, flying into the stratosphere with a single blow.

The ripples reverberated through Rita’s bottom in slow motion, and a vivid red handprint appeared, standing out clearly against the rest of Rita’s bright pink buttocks. Rita took a long, slow, sucking breath, then whistled. As tears spilled down her mask, Rita struggled to speak through gritted teeth. “Do you…spank people often?”

Lady Bow giggled as she held up her hand. “Do I? Oh, sweet summer child, I've been spanking naughty little Boo bottoms since before you were born. One of the perks of being a Boo: you get a lot of practice doing what you love! Now, as for you, since your plump bottom isn’t quite so little, I’m afraid I’ll have to go at it a lot longer to get the right shade of red. Grit your teeth!”

Clenching her jaw, Rita peeked behind her, and wished she hadn’t. As Rita watched Lady Bow bring down her petite hand, she caught a glimpse of a ghostly young woman’s hand rising and falling along with it, and realized that somehow, Lady Bow could administer a spanking exactly as she could in life, despite her deceptive appearance as a Boo.

As Rita contorted her face into all manner of pained expressions, through gritted teeth, Lady Bow unleashed a rapid-fire finale. The spanks were so fast, they sounded like machine gun fire.

Rita wriggled her behind, desperate to squirm to avoid letting the smacks hit a sensitive area, only to change her mind as a new spot rose to the same temperature. The red handprint vanished like a ghost as the entire surface area of Rita’s hefty hindquarters flushed to the same vivid shade of red.

Growing more desperate, Rita bucked once, then slumped back down across Lady Bow’s invisible lap. “Do…do you ever get spanked like this?”

Lady Bow paused, then giggled as she sat Rita up to rest on her lap. “When I was alive, dear Bootler spanked me quite often, on Padre’s behalf. But now I am the mistress of the house…and aren’t you awfully curious?”

Lady Bow lifted up Rita, and twisted her around to lie right back down across her lap, but facing the opposite way. This time, Lady Bow raised her left hand high. “Perhaps I am not spanking you hard enough?”

Lady Bow landed three slow spanks, one across each of Rita’s butt cheeks, then another across the center of her bottom, making sure to put a bit of extra wumph behind them.

Rita arched her back, grunting as she felt each spank in turn. “Wooh! You’re doing great! Urrgh! That’s definitely the hardest spanking I’ve ever gotten in my entire life! A-and..Aaagh! And my Mom and Dad are no slouches!”

“That’s good to hear. But this is spanking supposed to teach you a lesson you’ll never forget. I’m afraid I’ll have to be stern with you, so you never think of doing something so dangerous ever again! I know you’re a good girl, Señorita Rita, but a good spanking should always end in tears.”

This time, Lady Bow spanked at a brisk, but relentless pace. It was less ferocious than the machine gun spanking, but it had the strange effect of making each individual spank feel much, much worse. Groaning, Rita flailed wildly, straining her legs and arms as if trying to swim toward

the exit and escape, before she felt all her exhaustion from the previous spanking catch up with her. Finally, Rita collapsed in a heap across Lady Bow's lap, and started weeping softly.

Lady Bow cooed with maternal sympathy. "You can take your licks, I'll give you that! All that's left to do…"

Lady Bow gently lifted Rita's Ghostbuster panties back up across her bottom, before petting her affectionately. Rita sighed with relief. Shedding a few tears had felt strangely cathartic, but Rita knew that if Lady Bow went on much longer, she would surely have broken down like a blubbering baby.

Then Lady Bow grabbed the waistband of Rita's panties and yanked them high, pulling Rita's bottom up at a taut angle with the wedgie. "...Is to finish up with a final spanking across your sit spots. Almost done!"

Laughing maniacally, Lady Bow began to spank at the rapid fire machine gun pace all over again, this time aiming at the lowest part of Rita's bottom, where her lower buttocks connected to her upper thighs. Rita squealed, then melted down into uncontrollable sobbing, tears spilling down her cheeks like two waterfalls. Nodding, Lady Bow gradually slowed the pace of the spanking. "There there, Señorita, I'm sure your bottom must smart terribly by now. It's okay to have a good cry. Just let it all out!"

A red light on the Poltergust 2000 blinked, and it rang like an egg timer. The head of the vacuum cleaner attachment rose like a snake, twisted to point at Rita's flaming red bottom, and a robotic voice announced. "Warning! Unnatural heat detected. Probable cause: Fire elemental ghost. Activate emergency autopilot: Super Suction Mode."

As the vacuum activated, Rita's bottom was sucked firmly into the vacuum cleaner head. Fortunately, Rita wasn't a ghost, and her buttocks were too big to be sucked into the Poltergust 2000's ghost storage chamber. Nevertheless, Rita flailed her arms and legs wildly as she struggled to escape from the device. "Eek! No autopilot! Manual override!"

With a pop, the Polgergust 2000's vacuum head seemed to spit out Rita's buttocks, before it flopped over like a sad dog. "Acknowledged…deactivating emergency autopilot…please install security updates…"

Rubbing her bottom with one hand, Rita sighed and patted the Poltergust 2000. "Poor old thing. They haven't released a software update for her since 2001."

Rita winced as she straightened up, cupping her buttocks between booth hands. "Oooh! Still tender."

Lady Bow nodded. “As it should be! Now, are you sorry for what you did wrong? Will you promise to never be so careless again? I can always call Bootler for the hairbrush if I think you need more convincing!”

Rita nodded furiously, then shook her head just as furiously, her knees knocking. “Oh, definitely! I promise to never, ever throw live grenades at priceless, demonically-possessed pianos ever again, so long as I live! Cross my heart, hope to die!”

Lady Bow disappeared with a poof, then reappeared behind Rita to lift her skirt. Lady Bow beamed as she examined the results of her work. “Would you look at that, your bottom’s practically glowing in the dark! I’m sure you’re really, truly sorry. I hope you do better. But if you *do* blow up any more pianos, I’ll pop up right behind you when you least expect it, and give you a spanking that will make the one I just gave you feel like a cookie in comparison. Now, march your naughty little tail upstairs and to my padre’s old study. I’m putting you in time out. I imagine it will be uncomfortable to sit on Padre’s old hard-backed chair, but it’s sure to help you think more clearly. My padre used to call it ‘the thinking chair.’”

“Your…padre?”

“Sí, sí! Mi padre…My papa, of course! Just to warn you…he’s probably going to spank us both, and quite soundly, for what we did to Madre’s beloved piano.”

Rita’s pupil shrank to pin pricks. “Spank us…again?”

Lady Bow sighed. “Indeed, but I know I deserve it! That makes it so much easier to face, doesn’t it? Oh, he will expect us to have our bottoms bared before he arrives, of course.”

Lady Bow reached under Rita’s tunic and tugged down her panties with one clean yank, all the way to her ankles. Then Lady Bow lifted up the back of Rita’s skirt, and tucked it snugly into her black belt. Finally, Lady Bow peeked at her own tail, and nodded. “Ah, excellent. I’m not wearing anything! I’m so glad I opted to be buried in the nude!”

Rita stared down at her panties around her ankles, then stared at the door that led to freedom. With a sniffle, Rita stepped out of her panties and left them behind, marching up the stairs along with Lady Bow, past the smashed remains of the piano, and into a richly furnished study. Lady Bow appeared behind the wooden chair, and positioned it to face the wall. “Have a seat, Señorita Rita. Whatever we must face, we will face it together, as friends!”

Rita winced as she settled her weight down onto the hard, wooden seat, feeling her tender bottom press flat against the unforgiving surface. “Thank you, Lady Bow…You know, I think I’m starting to like being my own boss! You meet all sorts of interesting people!”

Behind them, a grandfather clock struck the hour of midnight, and began to ring the twelve chimes. The wind blew the windows open, sending the curtains fluttering, before they slammed shut a gain.

As Rita held her breath, the hairs stood up on the back of her neck. She didn't dare turn to look, but she was sure there was someone behind her, though there wasn't so much as the sound of breath. Glancing sideways, Rita spotted Lady Bow facing the wall, trembling. Superimposed over the image of the little round Boo, there seemed to be a second image. A young, curvy Spanish maiden, with pale green hair and sparkling eyes, wearing two red ribbons in bows, and the elegant dress of a pueblo donna. As Lady Bow took a shaky breath, she smiled wanly. So did the young woman.

Then Rita felt a soft puff of air against the back of her neck. "...Boo!"

The End?

Spooky, Scary, Spankies
Chapter 2
By Yu May and Anonymous

Tricky Toad, Treaty Toad, and Trippy Toad gasped for air as they stumbled along the dark forest path. With twigs in her hair and scuffs on her dress, Tricky looked the worse for wear held the sole remaining flashlight for the group, cackling madly as she examined her copy of the *Junior Toad-Girl Scout's Guidebook*. "See? The trees are clearing! We're almost home! Wa ha ha! Thanks to my intrepid survival skills, you dorks will live to see another day!"

Treaty held onto Tricky's shoulder, while Trippy held on to hers, following Tricky in a single line.

Treaty sighed, looking surprisingly calm despite their precarious predicament. "I dunno, Tricky. I think we're going in circles."

Trippy thought he glimpsed a pair of glowing, yellow eyes behind him, but the moment he turned his head, they vanished. "Yeah…weren't we supposed to follow the giggling flowers to find the way back to Toad Town? That's how we found the haunted mansion in the first place."

Tricky scoffed before rounding on them, holding up the guide book. "Fah! Who are you going to believe? Your own instincts, or the experts?"

Trippy groaned, glancing back and forth, and never quite spotting the evil yellow eyes following him. "Well, I guess the people who wrote the guidebook must have known what they were talking about. What does the map say we have to do next?"

As the trees thinned, the moon appeared in the sky, providing dim light, illuminating Tricky's smirk in pale blue light. "Simple! To escape the Forest Maze, we just go East, then North, then North again, then East again, then North again *again*, and finally…we go West!"

A bush of giggling flowers chuckled at Trippy, before closing their buds. Trippy tensed, then scratched his mushroom cap. "...The Forest Maze? But that's in Moleville. We're in the Forever Forest."

Tricky froze, did a double-take at her map, and quickly started flipping pages to find a map for the Forever Forrest. "Uh…aha! Here's the map for Forever Forest! See, I know exactly where we are now!"

Treaty frowned, her voice perfectly dead-pan. "You mean back at Boo's Mansion?"

Tricky turned, and noticed they had wandered right back where they started from. Tricky forced a grin, and failed to hide her nerves. "Exactly! By using a familiar landmark, I can chart a course back home! We'll be back in time to join the sleepover, and Mommy and Daddy will be none the wiser."

Trippy glanced at his glow in the dark Mario Bros. watch. “Um…it’s almost midnight. Don’t you girls have an eight o’ clock curfew?”

Treaty nodded. “Yeah, Tricky and I are totally going to get our butts spanked as soon as we get home…Frankly, I’ll just be happy if we get our butts back home at all, and still in one piece.”

Tricky shook her head, desperately trying to make out the tiny notes on the map by flashlight. “Nuh uh! I’ll get us home safe! And we’re not gonna’ get spanked! I just gotta…”

Tricky’s flashlight flickered once, then died. “Aaaiiee! Noooo! We’re lost! We’re doomed! This is game over!”

Trippy blinked, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the dim light.. “Hang on, Tricky…I think I have an idea to–.”

Tricky cut him off as she sobbed, streaming giant cartoon waterfalls of tears. “This is all my fault! I was the one who made you guys play truth or dare! I was the one who chickened out on telling the truth.”

Treaty patted Tricky’s shoulder. “There, there. It’s not entirely your fault we’re all gonna die. I was the one who dared you to sneak out of the house after curfew.”

Tricky’s lip blubbered. “But I was the one who double-dog dared you to come with me, and I was the one who triple-dog dared Trippy to go all the way to Boo’s Mansion when he wouldn’t tell us who he had a crush on! And then I quadruple-dog dared myself to go with you! I deserve to be spanked, stripped of my merit badges, drummed out of the Junior Toad-Girl Scouts, then spanked again! Mommy! Daddy! I’m sorry! Waaaaah!”

Then Tricky felt something pull her flashlight away, before clasping her shaking hand. “Hang on, Tricky…I think I have a spare battery.”

As Trippy clicked on the flashlight, Tricky glanced down and saw her hand clung tight in his. She squealed, and tugged her hand free. “Yeeek! Don’t touch me! Are you trying to scare me? Well, shame on you, Trippy. You think I need some knight in shining armor to come charging to my rescue? Well, I’ll have you know that I’m perfectly capable of taking care of myself. I’m not like a hapless damsel in distress like…uh, like Princess Peach!”

Treaty shook her head, completely unperturbed. “But Princess Peach isn’t a damsel in distress. She’s a wise and capable monarch, who always manages to stay calm and collected, even when she’s taken hostage by foreign dictators.”

Tricky pouted. “Oh yeah, well then why does she…um…need help, sometimes?”

Trippy pointed the flashlight at the map of Forever Forest, then grabbed Tricky's hand and led her back toward the forest path. "Check it! The map says all we have to do is follow the giggling flowers back home to Toad Town. C'mon, girls! I'll lead the way!"

Tricky blushed as she glanced at their intertwined hands, before dragging her feet. "Hold it! You think I'm going to let you back out of your dare that easily? We've come all this way…I want to see some evil ghosts! Where's your spirit of adventure?"

"Tricky, it's already midnight! Your Mom and Dad must be worried sick about you."

Tricky yanked her hand, but found Trippy had a solid grip on her. "No way! There's no–ugh–backing out…oof…of a triple-dog dare! Uff! Or are you…chicken?"

A shrill, shuddering screech echoed from the haunted manor. Tricky jumped into Trippy's arms with such force, she pulled Treaty off balance. As Treaty face-planted in the soft grass, Tricky clung tight to Trippy's neck. "Eeek! It's the scream of a lost soul! It's come to drag us to the underworld! Don't let it get me! I'm sorry I was bad!"

Trippy shivered as he heard the faraway scream, but steeled himself, patting Tricky on the back. "It's okay, Tricky…we'll find the way home, together! We just have to stay calm, hold on to each other, and follow the path."

Tricky's eyes popped open as she felt herself being soothed. Then she noticed she was in Trippy's arms, and quickly climbed off him and clung to his shoulder. "Hmmph! Well, Trippy, I suppose you *do* still need to earn your navigation merit badge. So be it! I will allow you to lead the way home! But don't screw up, or I'll never let you hear the end of it, so long as you live!"

Treaty spat out a clump of grass as she stood and clung to his other shoulder. "If 'so long as we live' lasts longer than tonight, I'll take it. Along with the bare-butt spanking we have coming, for sneaking out after dark."

Glancing nervously at the seat of her pants, Tricky covered her bottom with her free hand. "Oh…yeah…we're totally going to get it on the bare, aren't we?"

Trippy shrugged, and pointed the flashlight down the path lined with laughing flowers. "Well, if that's what we get, then it serves us right. Follow me, ladies!"

Treaty noticed a goofy smile on Tricky's face, and pressed her glasses up on her nose (or the place where noses would be if Toads had noses). "So, Tricky, since you're backing out of the triple-dog dare….that means you have to tell us who you have a crush on!"

Tricky's silly smile flipped upside down. "N-no, it does not! We're calling the game a three-way tie, that's all!"

They all flinched as they heard another unearthly scream coming from the mansion, piercing the night sky.

…

The moment Rita felt the cold breath on the back of her neck, her hair stood on end and she shot into the air, clutching her bare backside. “Yaaaaiiieeeeeksss!” Her head smashed into the roof above, before she flopped back down onto her wooden chair, butt-first.

Rita felt stars and coo-coo birds spiraling her skull, before shaking her head and noticing the two elegant Boos hovering at either side of her.

A male boo wearing an ornate caballero riding jacket patted Rita’s shoulder, his thin, silver-green mustache drooping as he frowned. “Aye, caramba! You poor girl! Have you hurt yourself?”

Rita felt a shiver travel up and down her spine, starting and ending at her smarting bare buttocks. “Ah, no more than usual?”

An older female boo slapped her forehead with one hand, and Rita’s other shoulder with her other hand. Except for the worry lines at the corners of her mouth, she was the spitting image of the younger Lady Bow, and she wore a thin shawl in place of hair ribbons. “Bah! Just look at yourself! Hopping around like a crazy jumping bean. What would your parents do if they saw you acting like such a fool?”

Rita bowed her head. “Um…they’d probably spank me?”

The elderly lady Boo flashed smiled broadly, flashing her pointed fangs. “Really? Thank goodness! At least there’s some sense left in the world! Silly chicas like you need a good spanking from time to time, or they go plumb loco!”

The elderly gentleman nodded, before he turned to face Lady Bow, who was still standing with her face against the wall. “They do indeed. Which reminds me…Hola, Bow-bowita.”

As Rita blinked, she noticed the ghostly image of the young woman had disappeared, and Lady Bow had gone back to looking like her usual, adorably spherical self.

Lady Bow made a strange, sweet, little groan. “...Hola, Papa. Hola Madre.”

The elder Lady Bow held her dead high. “We had a letter from Bootler about your recent trouble. And I see you’ve already put yourself in timeout. Is something troubling your conscience, that you’d like to confess to me? I promise I won’t be angry.”

Lady Bow's voice trembled as she sighed. "Si, Madre…it's about Abuela's piano. I'm afraid it has been damaged beyond repair…¡Lo lamento!"

As Lady Bow wailed her lament, her madre rocked her head back and howled, in a mirror image of her daughter. "El piano de mi mamá? Aiiiieeeeee! When she finds out…I'm going to get such a spanking! I swore on her grave to protect it, in life, and beyond, just as she swore to mi Abuela! Bow-bowita, how could you let this happen?"

Lady Bow's eyes watered. "¡Perdoname, Mamá! I have failed to preserve the family legacy!"

Padre Bow cleared his throat. "Ahem! Remember, mi encanta, you promised not to lose your temper."

Madre Bow sniffed, still much like a teenager, despite her advanced years. "Si, si, si. Of course, I forgive you, Bow-bowita. I'm heartbroken at the loss of the piano, but I'm not angry at you."

Padre Bow nodded. "¡Por supuesto! Your soul is more precious to us than any piano...however badly we will miss hearing its sweet melodies. But you know why we are here. You remember the promise we made to one another, when you inherited the title of Lady of the Manor, don't you, Doña Moños?"

As she took a deep breath, Lady Bow composed her face. "Si, Papa. I swore on my life to protect that piano forever, and you promised to always watch over me, even from beyond the grave! Now…you must help hold me accountable. Necesitas donarme nalgadas!"

Rita blinked. "You need to give her…nal-*what*-ahs?"

Madre Bow cackled. "Nalgadas! Para sus nalgitas. Oooh, ¿Cual es la palabra en ingles? …Ah, that's right! She needs *spankings*, on her little buttocks!"

Rita stood up so quickly, she knocked over her chair with her not-so-little buttocks. "What? That's not fair! I was the one who exploded your piano, not her!"

Padre Bow poofed out of nowhere, then pinched Rita by her ear, firmly. Then with a wave of his hand, the chair floated back into its upright position, and he sat Rita down on the seat, looking her right in the eyes. "Ay, there's the rub! You bear the fault, señorita! But my darling daughter still bears responsibility."

Lady Bow stuck her nose high in the air, while still managing to keep her nose pressed firmly against the wall. "¡Verdamente, Señorita Rita! From the very beginning, I suspected you were woefully incompetent, and completely incapable of handling the situation! And because I bear responsibility, I must also bare my bottom, and accept my spanking!"

Padre Bow floated to hover directly behind his daughter. "Doña Bow Moños, mi

Ángelita, turn and look me in the eye."

Lady Bow spun sharply, like a soldier, and Padre Bow patted her head. "I am so proud of you for being willing to accept responsibility. I can rest in peace, knowing you have grown into a fine Lady of the Manor. But if I spank you, it will have to be a true punishment. Anything less would be an insult to your courage. Think very carefully. Do you believe you need a spanking, to remind you of your duties?"

Lady Bow stuck out her chest. "Si, Padre."

Padre Bow held out a hand, and the antique wooden hairbrush materialized in his grip. "Even if it is a long, hard spanking with the hairbrush, on your bare bottom?"

Lady Bow's eyes popped open. "¿El cepillo de madera? ¡Ay, yi, yi! But, Papá…couldn't you just use your hand to spank me? ¡Por favor!"

Padre Bow shook his head, then stroked Lady Bow under her chin with his free hand. "No, Bow-bowita. When you were younger, perhaps. But you are old enough to know better now. You need to feel the weight of your actions, and the weight of this heavy wooden brush will act as a keen reminder. Besides…my hands are for holding you. Knowing this, will you still insist upon asking for a spanking?"

Lady Bow pressed her cheek against her padre's hand, her eyes watery. "Si, Padre. Es necesito."

Madre Bow appeared at Lady Bow's other side, her mouth firm, but her eyes sympathetic. "And you can expect a second smacking from me, as soon as he is finished. Last chance to back out, and keep your little boo backside unscathed, mi amada hija."

Lady Bow took a shaky breath, then steeled her face. "No, Madre. As Lady of the House, I must set a proper example for all the Boos of the pueblo. Por favor, I need this to be the spanking of my life..and the spanking of my *afterlife!"*

Padre Bow nodded curtly, then rounded on Rita, pinching her by the ear to stand her up, and put nose against the wall.. "¡Bravo! Tienes un corazón valiente, mi querida hija. Such a spirited girl! And as you, Señorita…Rita? I think I'll have you stand for the remainder of your timeout…"

"Eh? But, why?"

Padre Bow panted two claps on Rita's rump, one across each butt cheek. "So that I can keep an eye on this spanked bottom of yours. I see my little tigress has given you a thorough hiding. I almost feel sorry for you. But first, I must fulfill my sacred duty as a father, before I make up my mind on whether you've been punished enough for one day. For now, keep your nose pressed against the wall, or else…woe betide your big, fat bottom!"

Rita's pupils shrunk to pin pricks, before she pressed her mask flat against the wall, folding her hands behind her back, and straightening her legs to angle her bottom up slightly. She could only hope the sight of her cheerful, bright red rump might earn her some sympathy later.

Padre Bow patted the back of Lady Bow's shoulder. "It is time to face the music, Bow-bowita."

Lady Bow's voice was small and gentle. "Si, Papita."

Rita couldn't see much of what was going on in the room, but she could hear everything, and finally, she dared to take a furtive glance across her shoulder. Sure enough, Padre Bow had led Lady Bow to approach his sturdy, mahogany desk, where she obediently bent over, resting her hands on the flat surface to stick out of her bottom. With a flurry of chill wind, Rita saw the spectral image of a grown man and a young woman, floating over the more solid shapes of Padre Bow and Lady Bow's usual Boo forms.

In life, Padre Bow had been a tall, handsome man, with the face of a king and the body of a matador. Lady Bow, though not quite as tall as her father, had certainly inherited his regal, athletic frame. Even her bare behind looked strangely…royal.

The moment that Padre Bow brought down the wooden hairbrush across Lady Bow's buttocks, the ghostly image disappeared, and Rita averted her gaze. She overheard twenty terrifying, thunderous thwacks, without either Padre Bow or Lady Bow uttering so much as a word. But after the twentieth stroke, Lady Bow could no longer resist the urge to gasp and yelp.

Padre Bow paused for at least three seconds between each smack, and sometimes even longer. After twenty-four strokes, Lady Bow gradually became more vocal, crying, "Aye!" or "Ay yie yie!" along with each impact. And after thirty strokes, she finally started pleading. "No, no, no! Lo siento, Papa! ¡Duele! ¡Demasiado!"

Padre Bow's voice was gentle, but insistent. "Tiene que doler, hija mía."

Rita glanced backward, and spotted the tearful face of Lady Bow, now in her human form. Finally, her lip quivering, Lady Bow laid her head on the table and straightened her legs, obediently offering up her buttocks as a target. "Si, Papita. Por favor, cumple con tu deber."

Padre Bow patted Lady Bow's bottom gently with the flat of the wooden hairbrush, before flipping it to use the bristle side. "Lo prometo."

Then he delivered ten more solid swats. The bristles made a softer impact, but Rita heard Lady Bow squeak with surprise as she felt the first smack, and guessed it must have still tingled plenty. After three swats, Lady Bow was moaning and groaning with discomfort, but she made no argument. After six swats, she was weeping softly. And after the tenth swat, it was finally over. Rita realized with terror it was a total of exactly forty strokes.

Rita heard the rustling of cloth, and gentle patting, along with Lady Bow's muffled sobs. "¡Gracias, papá! ¡Te amo tanto!"

Papa Bow kissed his daughter on the top of her head. "Sana, sana, colita de rana. Te amo más que a la vida misma. Pero tienes otra dificultad que afrontar."

Rita risked another glance, and saw that all three were back in their regular forms as floating Boos. Lady Bow sniffled, and pulled away from her padre's embrace to face her, her voice hazy as she slipped back into English. "Sí…Mamá, Estoy dispuesto a aceptar mi castigo…Ahem! I mean, I'm ready to accept my punishment."

As Lady Bow returned to speaking English, her eyes flashed toward Rita, and Rita quickly pressed her face against the wall. She didn't want to think about what would happen if she was caught peeping.

Then she heard Madre Bow's voice, soft and soothing. "Buena niña…"

Then Madre Bow barked, her voice sharp and with the command of a drill sergeant. "¡Muy bien! To begin with, give me your hand fan, dear."

With a sniffle, Lady Bow handed over her ornate, decorative fan. Madre Bow crowed with delight. "¡Ah, mi admiradora! I see you have taken excellent care of it. Now, since I'm not quite tall enough to reach you, any more…"

Rita heard shuffling, and tried to twist slightly to catch what was going on with her peripheral vision. To her surprise, Rita was sure she saw a petite, pleasantly plump woman seating herself on the desk, before patting her left thigh. Lady Bow obediently bent over her mother's knee, before Madre Bow pinned her daughter's legs in place between her thighs, and experimentally tapped the hand fan against her daughter's bottom. "But remember, the fan is not merely a fashion accessory, or a prop for the flamenco! It is a tool for a warrior! Have you been practicing your war fan techniques?"

Lady Bow's perky bottom seemed to nod in agreement. "Si, Madre. Every day!"

"¡Excelente! But now it's my turn. Let's see if I've still got the old pep."

With a precise flick of the wrist, Madre Bow snapped the folded fan across Lady Bow's backside. Lady Bow squeaked with discomfort, but lay as still as possible.

Rita gulped. Just from the sound, she could tell the fan was no mere paper toy. It was clearly designed as a weapon, to withstand stout blows. And indeed, Madre Bow used it to deliver stout blows across her daughter's bright, bouncy, bare Boo bum. Having already endured a long

spanking from her father, Lady Bow's resolve was clearly at its limit, even after only a few strokes. "¡Guau! ¡Huy! …¡Uf! ¡Ay! ¡Ay de mí! Mi pobre trasero! ¡No puedo más!"

Madre Bow only shook her head, and delivered another sharp smack, gradually increasing the tempo of the punishment. "Sí, puedes."

Lady Bow squealed, until her voice cracked. "¡Aiiyeeeeeaaaaaahhh! ¡Merced! ¡Ten piedad de mi trasero!"

But Madre Bow only increased the speed of the spanking yet again, relentlessly, until her daughter melted into uncontrollable, racking sobs. "Aaaa-ha-haaaaa! Awwaaaaugh! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hooooooo!"

As if bringing in a plane for a landing, Madre Bow gradually slowed the pace of the spanking, then breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew! That should do it! This is most certainly a well-spanked bottom. Up you get, darling."

Despite her diminutive size, Madre Bow cradled her grown daughter in her lap like a babe. As Rita risked another peek, she saw Lady Bow in her human form, twisting to avoid letting her sore buttocks rest on her mother's lap, as she cried out the last of her tears on Madre Bow's shoulder. Finally, as Madre Bow and Lady Bow exchanged light smooches, Lady Bow seemed to snap awake, and climb off of her madre's lap, holding up her skirts as if preparing to curtsey. "May…may I get dressed?"

Padre Bow beamed. "Sí! Se acabo."

With a curious pout, Lady Bow yanked up her old fashioned bloomers, and the moment she fixed her skirts, the ghostly image of her human form disappeared, and she was back to her regular, Boo-ish self, though now her entire spherical backside was glowing bright red. "Gracias, Papa. But how can I ever repay you for the damage to our family heirloom?"

Lady Bow's eyes popped open as both her parents surprised her with a hug. Madre Bow whispered. "Worry not. It was only a piano after all. As long as you are safe and sound, all is well."

Padre Bow pulled away from the hug to stare at Rita. "Yes, although there is one final matter to deal with…La cazadora incompetente."

Somehow, Rita sensed his gaze, and felt her bottom start to quiver, along with a keen, throbbing ache from her last spanking. "Y-yes, sir?"

"All right, Señorita. Turn around. My daughter has something to say to you."

As Rita turned, she found both Padre Bow and Lady Bow floating directly at her eye level, though Lady Bow's eyes were downcast. "I'm…sorry for not warning you about the deadly piano…I'm glad you were not hurt, due to my short-sightedness."

Padre Bow nodded. "Now, Señorita Rita, would you like to take a turn spanking Lady Bow, or are you prepared to forgive and forget?

Rita trembled with relief. "Oh, no problem, sir! I'm happy to forgive Lady Bow. After all, she did help me survive my very first paranormal encounter, and I think I've had my fill of spanking for one day!"

Padre Bow stared Rita right in the eye. "Have you, now? Now that you have heard my daughter accept responsibility for her part in all this, don't you think you owe *someone else* a proper apology? Hmm?"

Rita's eyes darted to Madre Bow, who flashed open the decorative hand fan to hide her ferocious scowl. Rita flashed what she hoped was a winning grin. "Oh? Yes! I'm so sorry, Señora Bow! Won't you please forgive me? Pretty please? …With sugar on top?"

Madre Bow hummed, pressing the fan to her lips. "Hmm…¡Non!"

Then she snapped the fan shut, and pinched Rita by the ear. "I'm not ready to forgive and forget quite yet. I loved that piano dearly. Did you know? When I was a child, I accidentally scuffed it while rough housing, and mi madre whipped me soundly…though no more than I deserved. And that's what you're going to get!"

Rita danced as she was led toward the same desk where Lady Bow had endured her ordeal. "Oh, no, no, no! Please! Not the fan! Not the hairbrush! My butt is rather fragile and delicate!"

Madre Bow sniffed, and handed the fan back to Lady Bow. "Good point. Compared to my daughter, you are rather young and soft, both of brain and of bottom. Since you are only a naive little bebé, I will let you off easy, and only use my hand."

To her surprise, Rita found herself lifted into the air by two invisible hands, before she was set down on top of the desk with a soft bump. Then, something grabbed her by the ankles and lifted them high into the air, as if Rita was a babe being diapered. As Rita was forced to lie on her back, she felt her skirt flop down to expose her upturned buttocks, and caught a brief glimpse of the solid, stolid body Madre Bow had once held in life. Then, the image vanished, and Rita saw Madre Bow delivering a series of soft love-taps to her upside-down backside, before winding up her petite hand to deliver the first slap. "Be careful not to wriggle too much. You could buck off the desk. I'd hate to see you hurt."

Rita gripped the edge of the desk, her eyes wide. "Um, thank you? Though, by that logic, maybe you'd consider letting me off without the–"

SPANKO!

Madre Bow delivered a quick series of slaps, aiming her hand back and forth with the tried-and-true Boo double-slap technique. Instantly, Rita was reduced to babyish mewls, as she writhed wildly atop the desk, to no avail. The pace of the spanking was like the gallop of a race horse, exploding right from the starting line at top speed. It was impossible for Rita to mentally process the individual slaps, but she was acutely aware of the fact that having a sore bottom was already making things much worse for her. After only a few seconds, the fresh prickling built to a steady burning fire, all across her buttocks. With a final bounce, Rita gasped for air, clawing at the desk as she willed herself not to divebomb to the floor, butt first. “Oh, please, ma’am! I’m not a baby! I’ll take responsibility! I’ll pay for the damages! Ooo-hoo! Oochie-wowah!”

Madre Bow administered the lightning-fast spanking for another few seconds, before pausing, her hand raised high. “Is that so? You say you’re not a baby?”

Gritting her teeth, Rita nodded. Then, Rita was lifted bodily into the air by her ankles. Her skirt flopped down for a moment, before she squeaked and held up the hem of her skirt to cover her front. Then, Rita spun slowly in mid-air, until her bare bottom faced Madre Bow. “Well, if you’re not a baby, perhaps I should use my fan on you, after all?”

For emphasis, Madre Bow landed a single, firm clap. Rita yelped like a puppy, shaking her head. “Is that…really necessary? Isn’t it enough that I say I’m sorry?”

In answer, Madre Bow landed two spanks. “You yourself boasted that you were ready to take responsibility. Do you have any idea how much that piano cost?”

“Um…a hundred coins?”

Madre Bow smiled wickedly. “Close, but not quite! It cost exactly one hundred gold boo-dubloons to have that piano hand-carved and assembled…back in the days of the Wild West. But the mushroom kingdom introduced question mark blocks to steadily inflate their currency, and depegged from the gold standard. Care to guess how much one hundred dubloons are worth now, adjusted for inflation?”

Rita felt tears springing to her eyes. “Is it…m-more that one hundred coins now?”

Madre Bow landed another smack, cackling with glee. “Verdad! I see you are an astute student of economics! Today, a hundred gold dubloons would be worth–”

After delivering another slap, Madre Bow paused, and glanced at her daughter, “Bow-bow, it’s been a few decades since I was out of the coffin. What’s the current exchange rate for a hundred boo-dabloons these days?”

Lady Bow flashed her fan, with a ghastly smirk. “About one-hundred thousand mushroom kingdom coins!”

“¡Vaya! Pure thievery. Well, Señorita Ghost-hunter, think you can afford to pay the damages?”

Rita strained to do a crunch and lift her head high enough to look Madre Bow in the eye. “Erm…how ‘bout we do a payment plan?”

Without taking her eyes off Rita, Madre Bow planted another pop across Rita’s posterior with such pep, Rita’s eyes popped in turn. “Sure. In my day, a gold doubloon was considered a fair wage for a month’s worth of farm work. So, we can just put you to work for about eight years or so, or if you get tired of being a farmhand, I could always spank you from dawn til dusk every day for a day. I’ll pay you one whole gold coin, just for the entertainment value!”

Rita seethed, before gulping for air. “That’s…a lot of spanking…but, maybe, if my small business takes off, I can pay off my debt a bit faster? Ever considered becoming an angel investor?”

Madre Bow landed three firm spanks, hard enough to elicit a hoot, a holler, and a howl from the hapless ghost-hunter. Madre Bow sighed, then set Rita back down on the desk, seating her upright. “Let’s consider your situation…be honest, dear, do you think you can *ever* pay back such a monumental debt?”

Rita winced as she rocked back and forth on her throbbing buttocks, unable to relieve the sharp protest no matter how she rested her weight. “Well…maybe, one day? If I work really, really hard? Or maybe get more business savvy?”

Madre Bow rested her hands on her hips. “And what of the *sentimental* value of my piano? My cherished memories of playing it for my family, and teaching my daughter to play along with me? Even if you *could* pay back the cost in coins, that piano was a hand-made work of art…and the artists who made it are long dead. Can you replace that?”

Rita froze, then slumped, folding her hands on her lap. “No, ma’am. I don’t think I can. I’m so sorry.”

Madre Bow floated right up to Rita’s face, before gently nudging her chin up. “I forgive you. The mistake you made was born of over-confidence. You waltzed into a situation you couldn’t possibly handle on your own. Your debt to me is the same. You cannot possibly repay it…Therefore, I have no choice but to simply forgive and forget all about your debt!”

Rita’s eyes shone, and she clutched Madre Bow’s hands in hers. “You really mean it! I’m forgiven! Oh, hot dog! …But, I still feel as though I should do something, to make it up to you. How about a year of my Paranormal-Proofing Professional services, at no charge!”

With a playful look on her face, Madre Bow patted the top of Rita's hand. "Oh, I have a much better solution in mind. You see, I thought you were only a pathetic, snot-nosed brat, who needed a spanking as a childish punishment…but now I see that you are not a baby…"

Madre Bow snapped her fingers, and suddenly, Rita found herself floating in the air again, but this time with her face toward the ground. Rita was sure she felt a strong, woman's arm wrapped around her waist, as if carrying her. When Rita craned her neck, she saw the spectral image of Madre Bow's human form, patting her upturned bottom. "...I know I can give you a *proper* spanking, for a big, brave girl."

Lady Bow nodded, flashing a winning smile as Rita was carried past her. "I'm proud of you, Rita! It takes courage who's ready to own up to her mistakes!"

Rita clutched her face, then pinched her arms to see if she was trapped in a nightmare, only to discover she was wide awake. "Doop! This isn't exactly what I had in mind. How about a pre-IPO placement offering on stock options in my company? I'll cut you a deal!"

"No more stalling. Come and have a seat on Mamà's lap, sweetie." In a flash, Madre Bow seated herself on the sturdy wooden chair, seated Rita on her invisible lap so they faced each other in a chest-to-chest position, reached around Rita's waist, and tugged up her skirt with a single clean motion, before tucking the hem of the skirt into Rita's leather belt to fully expose her bottom. Rita clung tight to the little woman for support, her legs dangling awkwardly on either side of the ghost's invisible lap.

Madre Bow's human form flickered into visibility, before it faded again, leaving the Boo's face floating right under Rita's nose. "Listen carefully. You're going to look me in the eyes, so I know you're really sore and truly sorry. Because you've been a brave girl, and are trying your best, I won't use my hand…"

As Madre Bow secured her grip on her victim's waist, then she pulled Rita in close to whisper in her ear, softly. "…but this is still going to hurt."

Rita's mouth curled with distress, and as she clung tight to the shorter woman, she felt her invisible body, and nodded weakly. "...Yes, ma'am. I'm read–"

Using both hands, Madre Bow clapped both of Rita's butt cheeks simultaneously. A ghostly white handprint appeared on each of Rita's buttocks, before they flushed a deeper shade of red. Then, Madre Bow's human body slowly began to materialize as she delivered another ferocious spanking, this time alternating between Rita's left and right buttock. Rita wailed, and clung tight, willing herself to be a big girl, and at least take her punishment with some level of dignity.

But Madre Bow had one final trick up her sleeve. As she built the tempo of the spanking to a brisk pace, Madre Bow began to deliver slaps in an unpredictable pattern, like a fiery flamenco dance.

Just as Rita became aware that something was off, Lady Bow delivered three spanks in a row, first left, then right, then left and right together. In music theory, it is called a tresillo: the distinctive, rhythmic pattern of three notes that mark Latin music…and in this case, left red marks on Rita's plump, Latina booty!

Rita howled like a werewolf, her buttocks bouncing wildly from the impacts, but clung tight to her disciplinarian, fresh tears spilling down her mask. "Ow! Ouch! Oh! Oooh, I'll *never* throw grenades in your house ever again! I swear it!"

Madre Bow landed another double-clap, then stroked Rita's buttocks as though kneading dough. "See that you don't. I don't like leaving my grave more than I must. Padre? It's your turn, marido."

Rita cooed, simultaneously feeling discomfort from the gesture, and strangely found herself accepting it. Then her eyes popped open. "Dad's turn?"

Padre Bow stroked his chin as he closely examined Rita's bare, spanked buttocks. The pause lasted for a full nine seconds. Rita kept glancing up to him, then back down to her throbbing tuchas. Finally, Padre Bow sighed. "I take no pleasure in this poor pepita's pains. Perhaps she has been punished enough? What do you have to say for yourself, Rita?"

Rita shook her head so hard, it rattled like a cowbell. "Yeppers! I've definitely had enough spanking to learn my lesson!"

"¡Maravilloso! Then all that's left is for you to inform your parents of your misconduct, and politely ask them to give you proper discipline! I'm sure they'll be spanking you properly, as soon as you get home safe and sound!"

Rita forced a smile, her eyes sad. "My…parents?"

Lady Bow crossed her arms. "Sí. You told me yourself, if your parents knew what you were up to, they'd be spanking you themselves, right on your bare bottom!"

"But…I'm a legal adult, working a full-time job to support myself in the midst of these difficult economic times!"

Padre Bow narrowed his eyes. "And do you still live with your parents?"

"Well, yes, they've got me all set up in the basement of the doll house, but–"

“Then you are still subject to their authority. You are going to confess to them of course.”

Lady Bow sniffed, and rubbed her bottom gingerly. “Hmph! She’d better! If I ever misbehaved badly enough to earn a spanking in public, I’d expect *another* spanking, the moment I arrived back home.”

Rita stammered, looking back and forth at all three of the ghostly faces, before hanging your head. “You’re absolutely right…I’ll text them right now, to let them know.”

Madre Bow looked befuddled as she finally allowed Rita to stand up off her lap. “Text? You intend to write them a letter? The Parakoopa Postal Service aren’t due by the mansion for a week. I always looked forward to scaring the shells of them, back when I was still freshly buried!”

Rita pulled her Mailbox SP out of her bra and tapped the keyboard. “Nah, I’ll just use this to talk to them.”

Padre Bow peered at the screen, which contained the very latest technology: a screen that could actually light up! “Your parents are…trapped in that box?”

Lady Bow groaned. “No, no Padre. It’s a portable communication device. It’s…like a telegram.”

“¡Madre de Dios! What will they think of next?”

Rita’s Mailbox SP rang cheerfully as she sent her first message. “Ok. I told them I’m in big trouble, and I almost died. What else should I tell them?”

Lady Bow snarled. “¡Tonta! Tell them you’re safe now, and aren’t hurt at all.”

“But…my butt hurts a lot?”

As Rita’s Mailbox SP began to buzz, she did a double take. “Ooh! Now I get it! Good idea! Don’t worry…I am safe now, and have not suffered…grievous injury…Okay, now what?”

Lady Bow rubbed her temples. “Tell them you’ll explain everything when you see them, and you have a friend who is going to escort you home, safe and sound.”

“Really? Who?”

“Me, of course!”

“You’re my friend?”

“Sí, sí, sí! We are amigas! Now type!”

Rita stuck out her tongue as she wrote, thinking out loud. “I made a new friend! Don’t worry, she is super responsible, and is giving me a ride home.”

“I’m *walking* you home. Warp pipe is clogged, so it’s the only way through Forever Forest…Now tell them that you need to talk with them about what you did wrong, as soon as you get home, and ask them to give you a spanking, if they think you need it.”

Rita tensed. “Ah, yeah…that part…I really screwed up at work today…Took some dumb risks…Damaged a potential customer’s property…Tell you everything soon…but I think you’ll have to start spanking me…again.”

There was a few second’s pause, before the reply came. “Okay, Rita. Please stay safe. We’ll talk about an appropriate punishment when you get home. We love you.”

Rita answered with, “XOXO,” then stuffed her phone back into her bra with a big grin. “Welp, I think my goose is cooked! I can hardly wait to see what kind of spanking they decide to give me this time!”

Padre Bow placed a hand on Rita’s shoulder. “Very well, then I am quite satisfied. You are free to go. I don’t believe you deserve any more spanking for the matter with the piano. I’m sure you agree.”

Rita wrung her hands together, rocking back and forth on her feet. “Well, actually…now that I think about it, it’s not really fair that Lady Bow got spanked twice, and I didn’t.”

Lady Bow’s mouth curled into a small smile. “But you *did* get spanked twice. Or have you already forgotten my *first impression?”*

Rita clasped her buttocks, as if checking to make sure it was still attached. “Oh, I definitely remember! What I meant is, I *definitely* deserve a spanking from my Mommy and Daddy for how I acted today, and *you* got a spanking from your Madre and Padre, thanks entirely to what I did today……so it seems wrong if you get a spanking from Señor Bow, an I don’t get one too…Does that make any sense?”

Suddenly, Rita found herself in the tender embrace of all three Boos. “Huh?”

A romantic Spanish melody seemed to echo from afar, as Lady Bow pulled away from the embrace, fanning herself. “Such courage!”

Madre Bow held a handkerchief to her forehead. “Such sacrifice!”

Padre Bow held Rita by the shoulders, his eyes shining. “Such nobility! Very well, Rita Ghost-Hunter! I will spank you as I would spank my own, beloved daughter! But before it is too

late to back out, I must give you the same warning I gave her…it will be a real spanking! One worthy of a heroine of your mettle! Knowing this, do you still wish to ask this of me?"

Rita glanced nervously at her bare buttocks, but she already knew the answer. "Yes, sir. Now that I know I've already got a spanking coming, it's somehow easier to face it. Like, frankly, I can see the benefits for my behavior. I can feel my bad attitude getting fixed already!"

Padre Bow stroked his magnificent, manly mustache. "Then it is my sacred duty, as a caballero, to honor your request! But I will not add to your shame. Please…accept these, as a gift. Do not worry…they have never been worn!"

With a wave of his hand, Padre Bow produced a pair of gorgeous, frilly (if somewhat old-fashioned), women's bloomers. They shone with a ghostly aura.

Madre Bow scoffed. "And why do you just so happen to have a fresh pair of women's underclothes? Am I to understand you've been carrying those around at all times, waiting for precisely this situation?"

A Spanish guitar played a heroic tresillo, as Padre Bow posed like a matador. "Sí. For when a boy becomes a man, and then a husband, and then a father…he learns to be prepared for *any* emergency!"

Madre Bow pretended to stick her nose in the air, before whispering gleefully to her daughter. "Feh! You old cad! Why did I ever agree to marry you? …That is *exactly* why I married him!"

Padre Bow placed the bloomers in Rita's grip, as if offering her a romantic token as an act of chivalry. "Now, Rita mi sobrina, you must recombobulate yourself, and prepare for your final spanking…before your parents spank you again."

Rita gratefully accepted the panties, giggling at their absurd frills. But before she could finish pulling them up, she paused, letting them hang just below her bottom. "Sweet! Thanks, dude! …But, didn't Lady Bow get her spanking on the bare butt? Shouldn't I–"

Lady Bow elbowed Rita's shoulder, with surprising force. "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, hermana!"

As Rita felt a sharp tingle travel across her buttocks, she nodded, and pulled the bloomers the rest of the way up. "So…where do you want my butt for this?"

Padre Bow slapped the top of his desk, sending up a billowing cloud of dust. "Right here…climb up onto the desk, as my beloved bride had you before."

Rita wondered darkly if she was about to be held like a baby being diapered all over again, before Padre Bow's hands guided her insistently into a new position. "Knees against your chest, like so…and bottoms up."

As Rita hugged her thighs against her breasts, she glanced curiously behind her. "Huh? What's with this pose?"

"It is a pose you must *hold*, with your utmost effort, until your spanking is finally over. That is why I insisted you be dressed, for you see, this position is meant to teach you humility. Your foolhardy pride is what brought you to grief. But now that you have asked of your own free will to receive discipline, you are ready to be spanked, not as a baby, but as the bold and brash woman you have become!"

As Rita was forced to angle her bottom sharply up, she felt a cool breeze tickling her thighs, right underneath the cozy bloomers. Even with the modest undergarments, she felt horribly exposed. Padre Bow seemed to read her mind, and he patted her bottom. "Nevertheless…I am a married man. So your modesty must be preserved."

Madre Bow preened herself. "That's right. When you find yourself a fine hombre, you can let him spank you the way mi gaucho guapo spanks me! In the nude!"

Lady Bow tugged at her red bows. "Madre! I'm right here!"

Madre Bow smirked. "Jealous? You should be happy your parents love each other so much! When you do marriage right, you fall in love all over again, a little more, each and every day!"

Lady Bow screeched like a banshee. "Enough! Just spank la bandita, already!"

Rita Bandita shuffled her feet. For the first time that day, she finally began to wonder if she had perhaps bitten off more than she could chew. "Maybe we could go for the over the knee thing? That seemed like an effective–"

As Padre Bow cut Rita off with his first firm clap, his ghostly hand left an impression across the thick fabric of the bloomers. To Rita's horror, she discovered that he was easily able to cover both her buttocks with one slap, despite her wide, child-bearing hips. Rita clung to her knees, and bellowed, determined to keep her promise, and hold position.

Padre Bow offered no more lectures. Rita was too preoccupied by the sensation of each stout blow to argue or beg. The rising heat steadily built up beneath the bloomers, until Rita found herself wishing to have her bottom bared all over again. But Padre Bow continued to carry out the final spanking with an air of poise and dignity, until Rita was reduced to bawling fresh, blubbering tears.

Rita was so exhausted, she didn't notice the spanking was over, until she found herself being cradled in Padre Bow's ghostly arms. "Sana, sana, colita de rana. You have conducted yourself like a lady, mi sobrina. You are welcome in my home any time…even if you sometimes forget to behave yourself. Though, I'm sure my daughter can keep you in line. Bowy, dear, would you like another turn spanking this trouble-maker? It's her fault you got spanked, after all. Last chance to have a little revenge!"

Clinging tight to Padre Bow, Rita twisted to face Lady Bow, her lip quivering, but to her relief, she saw Lady Bow shake her head. "No, Padre. I'm ready to forgive and forget."

As Padre Bow set Rita on her feet, Lady Bow pulled her into a hug, and kissed her once on each cheek. "I am satisfied. Since you were so kind as to forgive me earlier, I don't think you need any more spanking for today…but remember, no more exploding pianos! And if you ever think you need another spanking, feel free to drop by the mansion, and I'll make sure you get a proper one."

Rita played with her lip as Lady Bow led her out the door, and down the steps. "Really? Well, can I ever visit you if I *don't* need to get my butt spanked? Like, if you have spooky ghosts for me to practice fighting on?"

"Oh, you'll get all the practice you need. My Boos are rotten scamps! I'm sure one of them has already stolen your lost panties by now."

Rita blinked, then glanced down at the floor. Sure enough, they were at the exact spot where Rita had abandoned her prized panties, and they were now nowhere to be seen. Rita pulled up her skirt to check that she wasn't wearing them, and only found her old-fashioned lady bloomers. "Huh? But those were my collectible, commemorative Ghostbuster panties! I got 'em signed by the original cast!"

Lady Bow shook her fist at the rafters. "You scoundrels! I swear on my grave, if those panties are not returned, with a proper note of apology, we will hunt you down! You will face the full wrath of Lady Bow and Rita Bandita: the Boo Busters!"

Rita almost swooned. "B-boo Busters? You mean…we're partners now? We're gonna' go on a bunch of adventures together, involving paranormal investigation and vacuum-powered exorcisms?"

Lady Bow grinned. "See, and as your partner, I must see you home safe, so that your parents can spank you silly. Hopefully that will knock some sense into you!"

Her eyes sparkling, Rita nodded along, before realizing what she just heard. "Yeah! So that my parents can…spank me? Um, hold on, that's not a foregone conclusion! Maybe they'll try grounding me instead! Eeek!"

As Lady Bow flew down the forest path, ignoring the leering, bug-eyed monsters on all sides, Rita was dragged along behind, clinging to her skirt to keep the blood-thirsty predators from getting a peep up her skirt.

[End of Chapter 2]
To Be Continued?